As Long As I Can Hold My Breath.

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/13870650.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Will Loves Hannibal, Hannibal Loves Will
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Tomorrow was our Golden Age.
Stats:	Published: 2018-03-06 Words: 515 Chapters: 1/1

As Long As I Can Hold My Breath.

by Zigzagwanderer

Summary

follows straight on from Sea, swallow me.

Notes

Just wanted to say a big thank you to everyone who has left kudos/read my stuff/commented. Wish I could reply back to you all!!!xxxxx

Will is sailing them home. The layers of the archipelago shift; grey over grey over green over brown.

“Why d’you steal that laptop?” Will doesn’t ask *when*. Hannibal rowed to Lindbakk for fresh goat’s cheese the day before. They ate it in bed; sourdough crusts, smears of honeycomb.

“The harbourmaster was complaining about the yacht’s owner.” Hannibal emerges from below. He has, no doubt, been rearranging the produce that Will put away earlier. “Apparently, he tried to drown a cat for stealing fish from his catch. It is basic psychology that people who enjoy cruelty to animals entertain other unsavoury proclivities.”

He offers Will gingered milk, trailing a peppery fog. “I had thought we could intercept him at his next port of call. But the man’s tastes, though base, were certainly legal.”

He has assumed that they will have such scruples. To begin with.

Will looks at his wedding ring. Perfect in its potentiality. It is the opposite way to how the Inspector looked at it.

“He was unworthy...for us to take,” Will says slowly.

"Although I believe he would be neither missed nor mourned," Hannibal shrugs himself into Will. "he was in no way a monster."

It settles over them, a veil, a faith, unspoken; that nothing less will do.

Hannibal’s mouth is spiced from the milk, the hot spike of his tongue is sweet. He flows beneath Will’s sweater, his shirt; around his waist, scraping the shoreline of his scar, the damp rockpool base of his spine. Will is water, parting for force.

Hannibal makes it difficult for Will to navigate, testing his skill, steering their bodies together, swelling and rolling, fingers like the straits, relentless, impelling.

Will takes the spilling cup from him in the end, breathless, sipping, smiling, steadying them both. The approach to Vakkrehejm is, in Will's view, a goddamn nightmare. Serendipitously so, all things considered, but when he breaks over Hannibal, foam and salt, he will want to surface again. To break again.

“Maybe there are closer bones.” Will is honest, now, Hannibal's mouth still against his skin. If he is ever petulant, *now*, then it is simply to add ginger to the milk. “Not to commemorate them, but to make them forgotten.”

“The Inspector? There would be complications.” Hannibal bites Will's neck, very reverently, and then looks at him, the psychiatrist staring out from beneath the lover, practised in assessing the fear that once was found there, that he once put there. “If you wish it, we can run, as fugitives ought. For us, the world can be infinite.”

Will looks down, at the layers. Grey, grey, green, brown. They are nearly back at Vakkrehejm, nearly home. White and grey and green.

Seas pulsing across rock. The dark shapes of animals, pushing through spirals of wrack. Storm over ice over salt. Wood under slate.

And above and below *everything*, the tidal certainty of blankets, and bedlinens.

“I don’t want to leave,” he says. “Not yet, not really.”
“Then,” Hannibal promises it against his throat, a serrated promise, full of threat, should *this* be threatened. “Then, we stay.”

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